

GHOST

JOHN
BARLEY
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XXX

STUDENT
COUNCIL

SOUP
GRAPES
DIED
MCMXXIII

HIC JACET
GHOST
MORT
1922



25¢

NOVEMBER 1926

ROWLAND LYON

LASH
MURDERED
MCMXXVI

Your Portrait

TO YOUR
FOLKS FOR
CHRISTMAS
IS A GIFT
THEY WILL
APPRECIATE
AND ONE
NO ONE ELSE
CAN GIVE

"WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT,
GET A GOOD ONE"

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MENTION THE GHOST TO OUR ADVERTISERS

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(Right Across from the Gym)

Mary: "And did you let him kiss you?"

Ann: "Let him. I had to help him."—Sour Owl.

She: "I just adore he men."

He: "Just a minute, dear. We're nearing a
dark alley now."—N. Y. U. Medley.

Bill: "You must be one of these Channel swim-
mers."

Billie: "Wadaya mean, Channel swimmers?"

Bill: "You go so far—then stop."—Green
Gander.

"And what did Bob say when he got a spot on
your new dress?"

"He told me if I didn't mind he'd take it off."—
Penn State Froth.

Salesman: "Here is a very nice pistol, lady. It
shoots nine times."

Fair Customer: "Say, what do you think I am—
a polygamist?"—Witt.

Old Timer: "Let's go for a buggy ride."

The Damsel: "All right, Henry, but don't take
that horse with a strain of mule who refused to
move past that dark spot last night."—Black and
Blue Jay.

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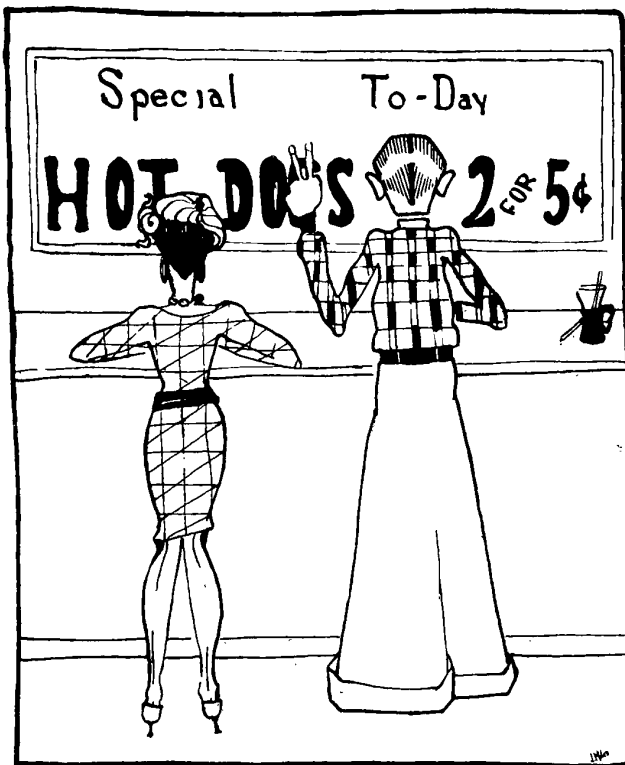
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Mention The Ghost to Our
Advertisers



GWENDOLYN DINES WITH HER CLOSEST FRIEND

AT THE QUICK AND DIRTY

"There is almost everything on the menu today, sir."

"So I see. Do you mind bringing me a clean one?"

Charity covers a multitude of sins. So do closed cars.

Bill: "I was out with a toe dancer last night."

Still: "How come?"

Bill: "Just look at my shoes."

Traffic

"I'd like to be,"
Said homely Grace,
"As popular
As parking space."

If the steering wheel could be thrown over the dashboard as easily as the reins, we wouldn't find so many parked autos along the road.

A girl I hate
Is Minnie Whale,
She's just a date
Who can inhale.

BALLAD OF FALLEN REPUTATIONS

"Columbus was not the staid, dignified man he is generally supposed to be, but was very much of a ladies' man."—News Item.

George Washington, the moderns say,
Played cards and swore, and liked his gin;
Caroused until the dawn was gray,
With many another little sin;
And Milton, sightless, shut within
His house, in real estate made dough—
For when biographers begin,
All brilliant reputations go.

I read the public prints today;
Steve Brodie never could begin
To make his jump—the experts say
It must be wrong; he must have been
Mistaken. We were fooled, too, in
Mrs. O'Leary's so-boss-so—
For when biographers begin
All brilliant reputations go.

I wait the news from day to day,
That What's-name did not truly win
Undying fame when he did slay
The Macedonian. For within
The Sunday papers read (and grin)
A gay and shy Lothario
Columbus was. When they begin,
All brilliant reputations go.

L'Envoi

Prince, for a month, I laid off gin;
Make them, I pray you, tell it so,
For when biographers begin,
All brilliant reputations go.

—S. E. J.

First Student at the Willard: "You big bum, what do you mean by washing the silverware in the fingerbowl."

Second Student at the Willard: "D—ned if I'm going to get egg all over my pocket."



A BLIND DATE

GHOST

Teacher: "What tense is 'I am beautiful.'"

Youth: "Past."

Question on freshman registration card: "Give your parents' names."

Freshman's answer: "Ma and Pa."

The Glee Club will now join us in that little ditty entitled, "I'm glad I made you cry, little girl, your face is cleaner now."

Customer (in fish store): "I say, Mister Levy, something smells terrible in here; I say, something smells rotten."

Solomon: "Oie, dat's de beesness vut is rotten."

Sap: "My oldest boy is troubled with pneumonia."

Soap: "Too bad. How did he get it?"

Sap: "He hasn't got it. He just can't spell it."

GORDON EVOLUTION

Some pork and beans,
A swig of gin,
And olde tymes seem
Right back agin.



"Don't you think that girl has a neck like a giraffe?"
"I don't know, I never necked a giraffe."

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

Anyone wanting a good wife nowadays just needs to go out some seldom used road and pick out some girl who is walking home.



ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE PRESS CLUB

Alice

Alice was in a bad humor that morning and when things didn't go well with her one could look for trouble. She just tore into things, kicking up great gobs of earth as she went along. She just about ruined a hill that got in her way, and threw aside as if in disgust everything that opposed her. Masculine cares and caresses failed to soothe her; even a big drink did not cool the fires that burned within her form. For Alice was only a steam shovel.

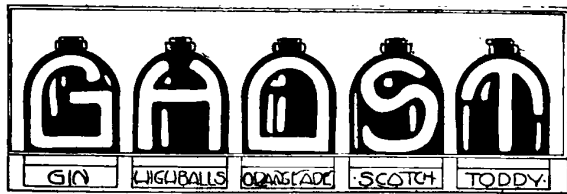
He asked her could he kiss her,
(You see he was a dunce)
And when she answered, "No sir,"
He said, "Please, just this once."

He asked her if she'd marry,
(For he was quite a dunce)
And when she answered, "No sir,"
He said, "Please, just this once."

"Fred has a trick Ford."

"Howzat?"

"It plays dead in most convenient places and runs without steering."



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Vol. III November, 1926 No. 1

"Tell me, why does a Scotchman have a sense of humor?"

"I don't know; why?"

"Because it's a gift."—Satyr.

—*—

"Lux against us," sighed the gold dust twins.—Satyr.

—*—

"What happened to that blonde stenographer, Joe?"

"The wife made me fire her."

"Wasn't she capable?"

"That's just it . . . capable of anything."—Virginia Reel.

—*—

"Oh, well, I'll never forget again," said the aviator, as he found he had jumped out of the plane without his parachute.—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

—*—

Ruth: "Do you still run around with that little blonde?"

Ted: "She's married now."

Ruth: "Answer my question."—Burr.

—*—

THESE NATIONALS

"Hey!" said the football player, "Somebody else come quick! I can't tackle dis guy. He's a fraternity brudder."—Black and Blue Jay.

Don't be a ghost!

—Eat at The Cleves

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TO A CAMPUS BELLE

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

*All of the love I give to you—
What will it mean another day,
Some day when skies are cold and blue,
And other football teams will play?*

*Will you forget me, then, so soon? . . .
Strange one, as strange as are the hills,
And quiet like them. . . Will bright June
Submit ere long to time that kills?*

*When I am old and have no charm,
I will forget these cold blue skies,
Your coonskin coat, your laugh so warm,
Even your hyacinthine eyes.*

GHOST

Blank Verse

CANTO ONE: SPRING

() () () (),
 _____;
 () () () (),
 _____.

CANTO TWO: LOVE

() () () (),

 () () () (),
 _____.

—J. D. V



THE BREAKING POINT

FATE

Her lips were ashen
 With passion . . .
 My lips were ashen
 With passion . . .
 Ashes to Ashes.

Her cheeks were white, er . . .
 With powder . . .
 My cheeks were white, er . . .
 With powder . . .
 Dust to Dust.

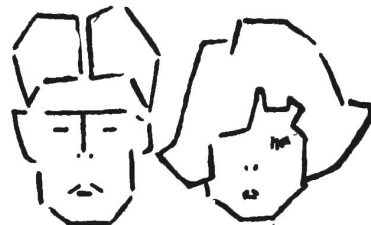
A HOLEY JOKE

“What have you in your mouth?”
 “A life saver.”
 “Cough it up and drown.”

HOT

The kindly old gentleman met his friend, little Willie, one very hot day. “Hello, Willie,” he exclaimed, “and how is your dear old grandfather standing the heat?”

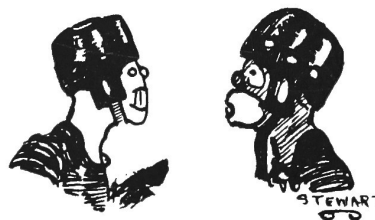
“Ain’t heard yet,” said Willie; “he’s only been dead a week.”



She: “I wish God had made me a man.”
 He: “He did. Here I am.”

A funny lass
 Is little Rose,
 She wears garters
 To hold up her hose.

“All that shivers is not cold,” said the weary sailor, as he watched the hula dancer.—Black and Blue Jay.



“What’s the dope?”
 “Caffeine.”

GHOST

A Lurid Tale

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, there was a college which had a campus, and on this campus were several fraternities, to say nothing of a football stadium, gymnasium, some tennis courts and a few classrooms. Now one of the fraternities was called the Stigma Stigma Stigma, and they really were a ritzy bunch of fellows. Almost everybody said so. They took particular pride in limiting their number to fifteen, and would have been all set for a prosperous year if one of the brothers hadn't run away with the cook, Belladonna. This not only placed a stigma on the Stigma Stigma Stigma, but it also deprived them of a good cook, for all the boys said they would never get another cook like the elephantine Belladonna. She sure could make good bean soup!

Well, it just meant one thing—the boys would have to get busy and rush another fellow in order to make their number fifteen. So they started out with blood in their eyes. A smoker was held; cigars and cigarettes were much in evidence, cider and other liquids were dispensed, the visitors heard some new dirty stories, and to top off the evening the S. S. S. boys secured a muscle dancer from a burlesque show, who disported herself in a fetching manner. After the guests had gone the fourteen Stigmas had a meeting to decide on who the lucky individual should be. Many names were brought up, but the little black balls rolled and rattled ominously in the voting box, and finally only two candidates had survived the test.

The two gentlemen were invited around to the house so the boys could decide between them. It looked as though both of them were on a par. Both seemed to show promises of intelligence. However, the affair couldn't go on like this indefinitely, so the Stigmas devised a little test to decide the matter for good. Each prospect was given twenty-five cents, with the following admonition: "Go out and buy the most you can for this quarter."

In about ten minutes the first fellow came back. What did he buy? Salted peanuts. This went over pretty big, for next to Belladonna's bean soup the boys liked salted peanuts best. They



"Where were you born?"

"In England."

"What part?"

"Oh, all except my glass eye."

were just about ready to concede the argument in favor of the first arrival, when in stumbled Prospect No. 2. His nose was bleeding and he possessed two black eyes. He looked as if he had been to a department store rummage sale.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I had to put up an awful fight. The crowd was so big I had to fight my way through it, and I just got there in time to buy the last one. Here's your money's worth." With these memorable words he fell exhausted to the floor, clutching the prize to his heart. When he woke up in the morning he found a Stigma pledge pin on his pajamas.

How did he do it? Don't be foolish. Even a two-year-old knows that you can get the most for your money when you buy The GHOST.

—J. D. W. (With apologies to Vanity Fair.)

Fraternity Fred (at 2 a. m.): "Well, I must be off."

Evangeline (yawning): "That's what I thought when I met you."

PRESENT COLORS

Cheer Leader (to girls' cheering section): "Let's go, girls! Show 'em you're buff and blue supporters."

GHOST

Have you heard how embarrassed the young duckling was to find his first pants down?—Ski-U-Mah.

—☆—

Disgusted Lady: "Does your mother know you smoke?"

Small Boy: "Does your husband know you speak to strange men in the street."

—☆—

"Why does Santa Claus wear a red coat?"
"To match his plus fours."

RATHER DAMP

Photographer (noting queer-looking pin on freshman's coat): "May I ask what sort of a badge that is?"

Neophyte: "That's my pledge pin."

Photographer: "Temperance pledge?"

Neophyte (thinking of prospective brothers):
"Well—er—no, not exactly."

—☆—

I told her I liked her cheek, and she has held it against me ever since.



TONIGHT'S MY NIGHT WITH BABY

Captain: "I gotta part with my old horse; what do you suppose I could sell him for?"

Buck: "Well, you might paint stripes on him and sell him for a zebra."

—☆—

KAPPA-KOPPA

Ninety: "The cops are looking that guy over."

Nine: "Do you think he'll pledge?"

—☆—

*Jack and Jill came down the hill
At sixty miles or better;
A cop unkind
Was right behind—
They're seeking bail together.*

Sez: "Why do you think that girl uses lipstick?"
Which: "I got it from her own mouth."

—☆—

TRAGEDY

I woke to look upon a face
Silent, white, and cold.
Oh, the agony that I felt
Can never half be told!

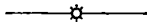
My waking thought had been of one
Who now to sleep had dropped;
'Twas hard for me to realize
My faithful watch had stopped.

—Flat Hat.

MOTHER GHOST RIMES



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor
Daughter a dress,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so was her daughter
I guess.



SOPHISTICATED

A little boy from Canada, who had never seen a negro, was riding with his uncle in New York when he saw a colored woman.

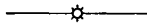
"Why does the woman black her face?" the boy asked.

"That's her natural color," replied the uncle.

"Is she black like that all over?"

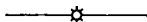
"Yes," was the answer.

Then the lad came back, "Gee, Uncle, you know a lot, don't you?"



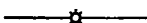
Wife: "A little bird told me you were going to buy me a pearl necklace for my birthday."

Hubby: "It must have been a little cuckoo."



Judge (to victim of accident): "Have you any scars?"

Victim: "No, sir, I don't smoke."



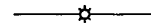
Owner (viewing building operations): "What are those statues on the top of the building? I don't want those there."

Contractor: "Statues? Those aren't statues, they're bricklayers."

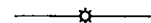


Mary had a little lamb;
I had a bowl of stew,
Then Mary ordered everything,
She saw on the menu.

She ordered this and ordered that,
And when she'd had her fill,
I had to leave my watch and chain
To settle up the bill.



He (when motor dies and car stops): "D—n!
One of the spark plugs is missing!"
She (anxiously): "Heavens! Will it show?"

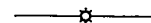


HEBREW JOKE

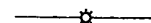
Jack (after final sputter of motor): "We're out of gas. Guess we'll have to ride Jewish as far as we can and try to reach a gas station."

Jill: "Ride Jewish?"

Jack: "Yeah, coast."



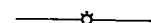
"Curves make women angels,"
"So do grade crossings."



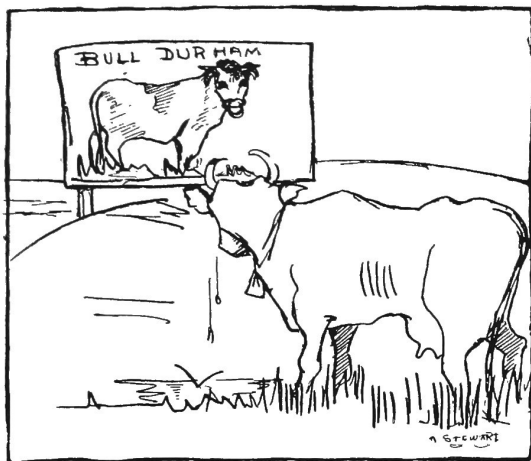
NO?

Jack had gone through all of the necessary preliminaries and was on his knees before June. "Will you marry me, darling?" he pleaded. "No," was the answer.

They lived happily ever after.



"A pretty girl can wear most anything."
"Yes, or quite the contrary."—Medley.



What could be more hopeless than a cow in love with a Bull Durham advertisement?

Her Secret

Being a One-Act Drama of the Finer Emotions,
By That Guy Walstrom.

Scene: Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street N. W. A taxicab, going down the Avenue, collides with a moving van, going south on Fourteenth. The taxi driver extricates himself and walks over to the driver of the moving van:

Taxi Driver: "Well, that was a close shave, wasn't it?"

Van Driver: "You bet it was."

Taxi: "I really shouldn't have been going so fast."

Van: "Well, I'm partly to blame myself. Didn't get to bed until 10 o'clock last night and I'm pretty sleepy. Are you injured?"

Taxi: "I received a minor laceration on my finger."

Van: "Mercy sakes. That's too bad. When you get home put some witch-hazel on it. That's an old remedy in our family. Grandma always used it."

Taxi: "You don't tell me. I'll certainly have to try it."

(Embarrassing pause.)

Van: "By the way, I don't believe I know your name. Mine's Snitchenhausen."

Taxi: "Very happy to meet you, Mr. Snitchenhausen. My name's Smith."

Van: "Smith! Why I used to have a Sunday-School teacher by that name."

Taxi: "No relation to me, then."

Van: "Say, what are you doing tonight?"

Taxi: "Guess I'll stay home with the wife. Why?"

Van: "My wife and I are giving a little dinner dance and card party. Think you can make it?"

Taxi: "I think so. Thanks awfully."

Van: "Well, see you tonight. Toodle-loo."

Taxi: "Toodle-loo."

(Asbestos curtain.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER—

"Why did you peroxide your hair?"

"So I could go with gentlemen."

WELL WRINKLED

Rastus: "Why fo' you-all got yo' pants on wrong side out, niggah?"

Sambo: "'Cause I'ze gwine to de ball tonite and wants to get de bag outer de knees."

Poor Henry cannot take a bath,
 He is so awful stout,
 For when he gets into the tub,
 The water splashes out.

THE MARTYR

Kindly Old Lady: "And what do you expect to do when you graduate?"

College Widow: "Write for True Experiences."



TIME 1800

ANY OLD PLACE.

"May I have the next waltz?"

"No, I don't care to waltz."

"How about a Charleston then?"

"Don't be ridic. The Charleston hasn't been invented yet."

Correct Correspondence

The other day we were the recipients of one of the new-style correspondence cards, which are designed to save so much of the student's time. It starts out with a sentence and gives you a wide choice of adjectives to use: For instance, "I am having a (grand) (glorious) (hot) time." The big idea is to check the word which you wish to use.

It occurred to us, however, that some of you might desire more of the personal touch in your correspondence, and with that purpose in view we have devised the following card to be used in answering the time-saving gadget described above. Patent (not) pending.

DEAR ():

SO NICE OF YOU TO WRITE ME SUCH A LONG LETTER.

I AM PLEASED TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE HAVING A (fine) (swell) (peachy) TIME.

WAS SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT YOUR MEALS ARE (rotten) (cold) (expensive).

HERE'S HOPING (you choke on them) (you find cockroaches in the bread pudding) (they make you have pimples).

AM TICKLED TO DEATH TO LEARN THAT THE WEATHER IS (rainy) (cold) (muggy).

I HOPE (your raincoat leaks) (you don't have enough cover at nights) (your shoes have holes in them).

WOULD BE HIGHLY GRATIFIED TO SEE YOU (at the bottom of the lake) (in the Black Hole of Calcutta) (never again).

YOU DON'T NEED TO WASTE ANY MORE STAMPS ON ME.

YOUR FORMER FRIEND,

()



"What trouble we should all be spared,"
The weary Sophs remark,
"If Father Noah had not had
Two Freshmen in the Ark."



HOT CHOCOLATE

Song

It was a dark and stormy night, the wind howled and the rain beat down in torrents. The partly constructed dam across the river seemed ready to give way under the pressure of the tons of water being hurled against it. Suddenly the dam burst and the wild stream headed for the valley, where the scared and bewildered villagers stood. Suddenly they burst into song, "I'll Climb the Highest Mountain."

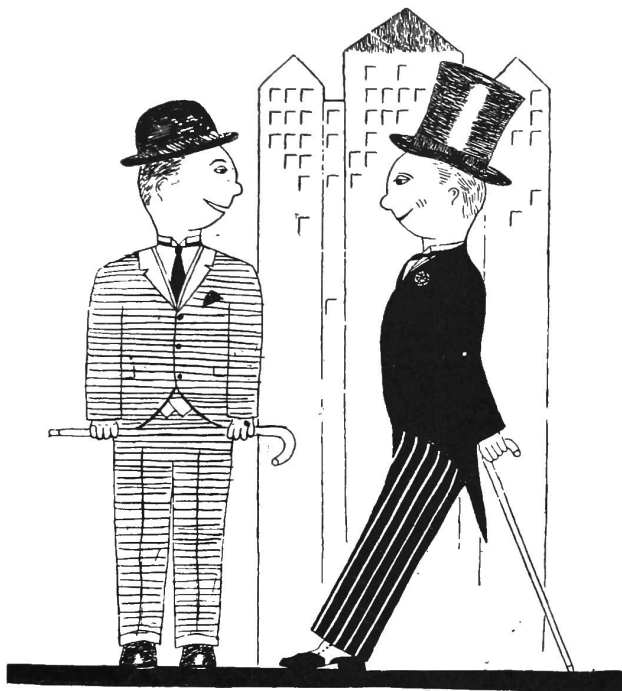
"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the old Arab, as his Ford became stranded in the Sahara.

Prince: "All hail the king."

King: "How dare you hail when I am reigning."

She (after first kiss): "Don't you think I'm awful?"

He (meditatively): "Oh, not so bad."—Virginia Reel.



"Goin' to the dance at Union Station tonight?"
 "What dance?"
 "Two trains are going to Charleston."

NEWS ITEM

We beg to inform our readers that the combined circulation of The GHOST and the Saturday Evening Post is now 2,501,299.

Dean: "Do you know who I am?"
 Stude: "No, but try to remember your address and I'll take you home."—Brown Jug.

Deacon: "Last night was the first time I have seen you in church this year, brother."
 Stude: "Oh, was that where I was?"—Williams Purple Cow.

He: "Have you read the Plastic Age?"
 She: "Yes, and I've always wondered how much truth there was in it."
 He: "Let's go out on the porch."—Royal Ga-boon.

"Is he very tight?"
 "I'll say he is. Why, once a week he boils his napkin and has soup."—Colgate Banter.

He: "Whenever I try to tell you how much I love you, words fail me."
 She: "Then keep on trying."—Colgate Banter.

"Good morning. How are all the kids this morning." said the customer, as he walked up to the glove salesman.—Colgate Banter.

"Where are you going with that feed bag?"
 "Taking a girl out to dinner and they say she eats like a horse."—Voo Doo.

"Would you marry a girl who necks?"
 "Well, I'm not aiming to be a bachelor."—Colgate Banter.


My girl thinks a gin rickey is a Japanese buggy.—Colgate Banter.

"I didn't know she was a sorority girl."
 "She's not. That hungry look came from hard study."—Okla. Whirlwind.

Wife: "Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?"
 Prof. (one of the absent minded): "Good heavens, who have I been kissing then?"—Wisconsin Octopus.

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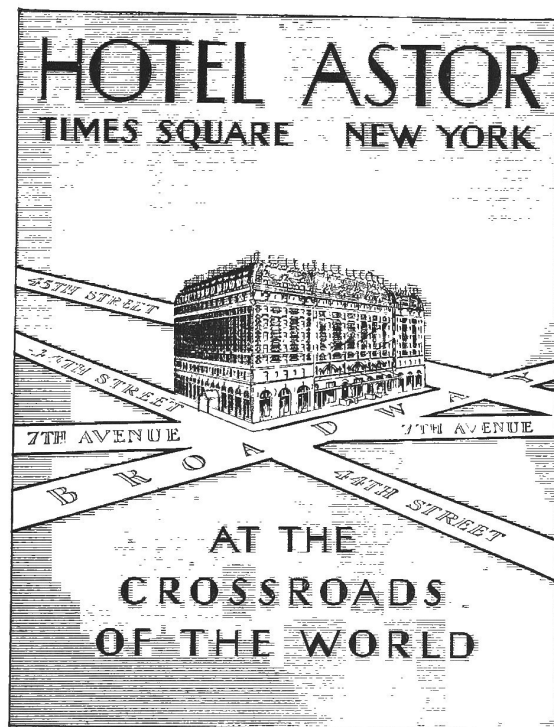
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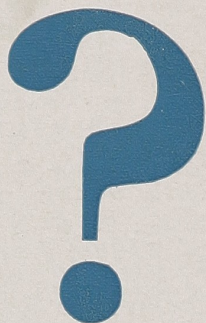


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